THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“ VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D.”
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 93.

Hæc novimus esse nihil.

THE pure and peaceful enjoyments of Edwin and Eltruda, on which we have hitherto dwelt, are disturbed by the civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster. In supposing the lover capable of taking up arms against the father of his mistress, Miss Williams has neither rendered him less amiable, nor exceeded the bounds of probability. When the ties of honour and the dictates of love come in collision, the preponderance of the former is a victory calculated to generate a stronger interest in favour of the subject, and which perfection of character seems absolutely to require.

L'amour est un plaisir, l'honneur est un devoir.
CORNEILLE.

The internal struggle, consequent on this situation, the equilibrations of a mind fluctuating between impulses diametrically opposite, are productive of the most forcible dramatic effect; and, to be well delineated, demand the agency of transcendant powers. They form the scenes which have most contributed to immortalize the tragic writers of Greece, and, in Othello and the Cid, have called forth all the energies of Shakspeare and Corneille, the two great masters of the modern drama. But to exhibit the successive modifications of the mind thus agitated, to develope minutely the operation of adverse passions, until the final predominance of one of them, belongs to Melpomene, and her more dignified sisters. Miss Williams has pursued the correct line in touching briefly on the pungency of Edwin's grief for the melancholy alternative to which he found himself reduced. His separation from Eltruda, the battle between the contending parties, the death of Albert, the excruciating agonies of the lover on discovering the person pierced by his faulchion, are narrated with an equal sense of propriety, and imbued with exquisite pathos. Eltruda, without knowing by what hand her father fell, and seeing Edwin at her feet, accosts him in a language at the same time natural, and particularly calculated to heighten the distress of the scene.

Eternal woes his heart must prove,
Its tenderest ties are broke;
Ah, say, what ruthless arm, my love,
Could aim the deadly stroke

Could not thy hand, *my Edwin*, thine,
Have warded off the blow?
For ah, he was not only mine,
He was *thy father too*.

When Edwin is about to turn the steel against his own breast, she starts from a temporary insensibility to avert the blow.

His hand the death-fraught weapon grasp'd,
The steel he firmly prest;
When sudden she arose, and clasp'd
Him wildly to her breast.

‘Methought, she cried, with panting breath,
My Edwin talk'd of peace;
I knew 'twas only found in death,
And fear'd the sad release:

I clasp him still....'twas but a dream....
Help yon wide wound to close,
From which a father's spirits stream,
A father's life-blood flows.’

These stanzas remind us of an analogous passage in Langhorne's ‘Owen of Carron,’ when Ellen, after finding Nithisdale dead, and swooning in consequence of it, momentarily recovers her reason:

As the soft star of orient day,
When clouds involve his rosy light,
Darts thro' the gloom a transient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night;

Returning life illumes her eye,
And slow its languid orb unfolds....
What are those bloody arrows nigh?
Sure, bloody arrows she beholds!

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay?
'Twas some poor youth...‘ ah, Nithisdale!'
She said, and silent sunk away.

Eltruda goes on to apostrophize her father in a strain highly tender and animated:

My father, yet in pity stay!
I see his white beard wave....
A spirit beckons him away,
And points to yon cold grave.

E'en now, my love, I trembling hear
Him breathe a last adieu!
I see, my love, a falling tear,
His furrow'd cheek bedew!

I feel within his aged arms
His poor Eltruda prest;
I hear him speak the fond alarms
That wring a parent's breast.

He's gone!....and here his ashes sleep;
I do not heave a sigh....
His child a father does not weep,
For, ah, my brain is dry!

But come, together let us rove,
At the pale hour of night,
When the moon, glim'ring thro' the grove,
Shall shed her faintest light.

We'll gather from the rosy bow'r
The fairest wreaths that bloom,
We'll cull, my love, each opening flow'r,
To deck his hallow'd tomb,

We'll thither from the distant dale
A weeping-willow bear;
And plant a lily of the vale,
A drooping lily there.

We'll shun the glaring face of day,
Eternal silence keep;
Thro' the dark wood we'll cheerless stray,
And only live to weep.

To shun the face of day, to rove at the pale hour of night, to live but to weep, are among those ‘joys of grief,’ of which we have spoken in a preceding essay. They bring to memory the commencement of Warton's address to Contemplation, in his poem intitled ‘the Pleasures of Melancholy.’

Oh, lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
Congenial with my soul, to cheerless shades,
To ruin's seats, to twilight cells and bowers,
Where thoughtful melancholy loves to muse
Her fav'rite midnight haunts.

The stanzas which speak of culling flowers to deck the tomb of Albert, and of fixing near it the emblematical willow, and drooping lily of the vale, are happily conceived, and beautifully executed. It is not unworthy of remark what a predilection all the poets of a tender cast seem to entertain for chaunting obsequies, and consecrating the graves of their favourites. They become hallowed by an assemblage of all the images that are calculated to inspire sadness, and create reverential awe. They are adumbrated by the cypress of spontaneous growth, the plaintive songsters of the grove meet there

‘To wail in widow'd notes, and sing their haples loves.

they become the haunt of sprites, the scene where Oberon and his elfin train hold their midnight revels, and solemnize the rites of fairy mysticism. Gray, in a quatrain originally intended for, but not inserted in his inimitable Elegy, says of the village cemetery

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The red-breat loves to warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Collins, in his ode on ‘the superstitions of the Highlands,’ paints the sprite of the swain, destroyed by ‘the water-fiend,’ in the ‘dank fen,’ appearing to his disconsolate wife, during her sleep, ‘with *drooping willows drest*.’ Among those superstitions he enumerates

The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave.

The Romans were accustomed religiously to effuse aromatic unguents, and strew fragrant flowers over the monuments of their dead, which were for the most part placed near the highways, with the names inscribed. It is thus that

Æneas, in the fifth book of the Æneid, is said to honour the cenotaph of Anchises,

Purpureosque jacit flores ac talia fatur, &c.

Their amatory poets frequently mention this ceremonial, and dwell *con amore* on the prospect of its being faithfully discharged towards their own remains. Propertius complains that the graves of lovers are liable to be profaned by their too public exposition, and, therefore, beseeches the gods that he may be laid in a spot unmeasured by vulgar steps, and secluded from vulgar vision by the density of the incumbent foliage. The classical reader will pardon me for transcribing the passage.

Ornabit custos ad mea busta sedens;
Dii faciant, mea ne terrâ locet ossa frequenti
Quâ facit assiduo tramite vulgus iter.
Post mortem tumuli sic infamantur amantum,
Me tegat arboreâ devia terra comâ,
Aut humer ignotæ cumulis vallatus arenæ;
Non juvat in media nomen habere viâ.

Eleg. 16. Lib. 3.

And again in the thirteenth elegy of the second book—

Et sit in exiguo Laurus superadditta busto
Quæ tegat extincti funeris umbra locum.

Miss Williams terminates her tale by the death of Edwin and Eltruda. The concluding stanzas are marked by that superior harmony of versification, and that delicate vein of pensive morality, which pervades the whole performance.

He saw her dying eye-lids close,
He heard her latest sigh,
And yet no tear of anguish flows
Fast streaming from his eye.

For, ah, the fulness of despair,
The pangs of high-wrought woe,
Admit no silent, trembling tear,
*No lenient drop to flow.

He feels within his shiv'ring veins
A mortal chilness rise:
Her pallid corse he feebly strains....
And on her bosom dies!....

No longer may their hapless lot
The mournful muse engage;
She wipes away the tears that blot
The melancholy page.

For heaven, in love, dissolves the ties,
That chain the spirit here;
And distant far, forever flies
The blessing held most dear.

To bid the suff'rer's soul aspire
A higher bliss to prove;
To wake the pure, refin'd desire,
The hope that rests above!

I have thus examined, although rather in a desultory mode, the plan and characters, and incidentally adverted to the sentiments of 'Edwin and Eltruda.' The reader will perceive that, in the course of this examination, I have never attempted to look through 'the microscope of criticism,' or exercised any inquisitorial severity in the notation of faults; nor have I been as copious in transcribing illustrative passages from our poets, as inclination prompted. The blemishes are but few, and more than counterbalanced by the beauties of the context; and in both cases I was principally swayed by my aversion to swell the bulk of these essays, which, even in their present state, must appear too extended for the comparative insignificance of the subject. This tale was written by Miss Williams, at an early age, and in a situation where she was almost necessarily debarred access to poems of the same nature. Whatever of merit it may be found to possess, must, therefore, be deemed purely original; and, if occasional resemblances to tales of a prior date be discovered, we should attribute them more to fortuitous coincidence of thought, than to intentional imitation. The historical ballad may be said to be *sui generis*, an insulated species of composition. It rejects all gorgeous imagery, or ambitious ornaments; its beauty should be modest, its guise without affectation: it requires a native simplicity of thought and expression, a chastity and refinement of taste, an art of management, and a nicety of execution, rarely enjoyed or attainable by genius of an exalted stamp. In such walks Goldsmith, Mickle, Bruce, and some other of our minor poets, were eminently calculated to excel: among them Miss Williams will hold a conspicuous rank in the estimation of every mind alive to all the finer influences, or familiarized to the softest vibrations, of poetry.

FLORIAN.

* Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

SENEC. HIP.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

Excursion to the Montanvert and the Mer de Glace.

[Continued.]

I returned with my guide to the top of Montanvert, where we dined on the cold meat we brought with us. No person, I fancy, ever ascended to this place, which is six thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean, without acquiring an appetite keen enough to relish the simplest food. I assure you, for my own part, I did justice to our's, and envied no epicure his most dainty dishes, nor any prince his most sumptuous apartments. Our table was the humble sod of nature, our ceiling the unbounded heavens, of a deeper blue than can be found at a lower elevation, and the decorations of our grand saloon were superior even to the imagination of man.

At the edge of the Mer de Glace is a large flat piece of granite, called the *English stone*, where it was the custom to dine before Mr. Blair erected the cabin on Montanvert. The French resident at Geneva, (M. Felix Despontes) has lately had a pretty little cottage built near Blair's cabin, which is much more convenient and comfortable for those who visit the glaciers, and who generally pass the night there, that they may set out early to traverse the Mer de Glace, which winds among the mountains for many leagues.

From Montanvert we descended by a shorter road, than the one we ascended by, but which was very steep and dangerous; however, by jumping from rock to rock, with the assistance of my long pointed stick, and crossing from one side to the other, in a zig-zag direction, to render the descent less rapid, I arrived in the valley without any accident, and near the foot of the glacier, which mingled its masses of ice and snow with the verdure of the plains, and the leaves of the forest.

There we beheld the source of the Arveiron; a rapid torrent, which bursts from an azure vault, at least one hundred feet. Unfortunately for me, part of the arch had fallen down, and destroyed part of the beauty of this singular place. Above at the height of near two thousand feet, rose the pyramids of ice, which cover the Mer de Glace. The appearance of this glacier from those pyramids till it reaches the valley, it is impossible for me to describe, as words would convey but an imperfect idea of so extraordinary a mass, broken and rent into thousands of chasms, and bristled with needles of ice.

I was lucky enough to see two *avalanches of dust*, (as they are called) produced by huge fragments of the Mer de Glace being left without support by the continual dissolving of their bases, tumbling into the valley with a thundering noise.

The depth of the mass of ice, which forms the Mer de Glace, is immense; but it is difficult to calculate it with certainty. Some have estimated it at eight hundred, others at four hundred feet. The regular and eternal melting of its lower stratum, furnishes an inexhaustible stream, that forms the Arveiron, an impetuous torrent, that in a short distance loses its name and waters in the Arve.

Delighted, and scarcely satisfied, with these sublime objects, I have just returned to my inn, and now contemplate the noble summit of Mont Blanc, gilded by the setting sun, while the vapours of evening are beginning to settle round his white sides. It is impossible not to recollect here the beautiful lines of Goldsmith in his Deserted Village:

Like some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

You, perhaps, know that the summit of Mont Blanc is the highest point in Europe, and, except that of one of the Cordillieros, in South America, supposed to be the most elevated on the face of the globe; many attempts were made, at various times, to ascend this mountain, but without success, and it was at length deemed impracticable, till in 1786, Jaques Balmat and Dr. Paccard, (the cousin of my guide) succeeded in attaining a height which no mortal, perhaps, had ever before reached; but as they were unprovided with instruments, and no great philosophers, nothing satisfactory resulted from so bold an attempt, but the certainty of the mountain being accesible, which immediately induced M. de Saussure to undertake the ascent; and accordingly on the 13th of August, 1787, he set out, attended by eighteen guides, who carried a tent, matrasses, and philosophical instruments. The party got no farther the first night than the top of the mountain Dela Cote, where they slept in a hut which had been previously erected. 'At 4 o'clock the next evening they reached an elevation of 9312 feet above the priory at Chamouny, or 12762 feet above the level of the sea. Here they encamped, and made an excavation in the hard snow, which they covered with a tent. At seven the next morning, the whole company departed, and found the ascent, in some places, so steep, that the guides, who preceded, were obliged to cut out steps with a hatched. At eleven they reached the summit, where they continued three hours and a half, during which time M. de Saussure enjoyed, with rapture and astonishment, a view the most extensive, as well the most rugged and sublime in nature; and made those observations which will render this expedition no longer a matter of curiosity.'

The amazing height of this mountain, ascertained by him, by the barometer, is 15,662 above the level of the sea.

The party descended a little lower than the place where they passed the preceding night, and arrived at Chamouny the next morning, where Madame de Saussure had been anxiously watching their dangerous ascent through a telescope.

Soon after M. de Saussure's attempt, an Englishman, of the name of Beaufoy, gained the summit of mont Blanc, but encountered infinitely more dangers and difficulties, than those who preceded him. Since that time, very few have followed their example. Many have ascended to a great height, but the state of the air, with other causes, forced them to return.

What renders mont Blanc more remarkable than any other mountain of the Alps, is the immense mantle of snow which covers it, without a rock to break the flowing line. M. de Saussure supposes this crust to be 400 feet thick, and its horizontal extent about 9000. The perpendicular height of the snow, ice, and glaciers, from the source of the Arveiron to the summit of mont Blanc, is about 12000 feet; which is equal to mount Vesuvius, placed upon mount Etna.

The valley of Chamouny contain about 400 inhabitants; who live by cultivating the ground. Their beasts of labour are cows, for the same reason as in Valorsine. They raise grain of different kinds, which they sell at the market towns, with their *laituges* (cheese, milk, butter, &c.) and honey, celebrated for its mildness and delicate flavour.

The people are tolerably well made, strong and active; honesty, I believe, is one of their greatest characteristics, and before the revolution there was not a happier spot on the face of the globe than the valley of Chamouny, which now composes part of the canton of the Leman.

[*To be Continued.*]

MISCELLANY.

[The following essay, in very elegant language, and with very sensible reasons, exposes the danger of hasty and superficial studies.]

ON THE ILL EFFECTS OF READING WITHOUT DIGESTING.

An analogy between the powers of the body and the faculties of the mind is obvious in many instances. The eye cannot survey a great space with the same accuracy, with which it views a single object at a nearer distance. It takes in the coarser parts indeed, but comprehends not the more minute, though not less beautiful appearances. Thus too the mind, when attentive to every part of knowledge, seldom attains to perfection in any single science. And daily experience evinces that the Helluo Librorum, the great reader and devourer of books, who is more studious of quantity than quality, and is led on by the love of novelty rather than of excellence, is rarely learned in an eminent degree.

Adages are commonly true, because founded on experience; 'the rolling stone gathers no moss.' To carry on the allusion, one may add, that, while the rolling stone is traversing the whole garden, the spade, in the space of a few yards, may gather the produce of a year.

Pliny, the young who is as remarkable for the justness of his sentiments, as well as for the elegant manner of expressing them, has given a hint on this subject, which, though comprised in a few words, may be more instructive than volumes of advice. After some remarks on cursory and superficial reading, he says, we should be content with few books, and study them perfectly.

We should read, says he, 'non multa sed multum.' The epigramatic turn of the word fixes the precept stronger on the mind, and renders it more easy to be retained in the memory.

The powers of the human mind are not strong enough to acquire knowledge by intuition. This rapid mode of learning truth is reserved for beings of a superior order. To gain a complete knowledge of a subject, in all its parts, it must be frequently reviewed and examined in every light....a process which requires time, labour, and attention: none of which will be in his power, who hastily passes from science to science, and with too much volatility to admit thought and recollection.

It frequently happens that men of natural parts are excelled by others, whose talents are originally inferior. Nor is this to be attributed to any other cause but the patience of labour, which is frequently the concomitant of dulness, and which proves an ample compensation for the want of vivacity.

A man of slow understanding can stop to investigate obscurity step by step, till he brings light from darkness, can combat difficulties seemingly insurmountable, can repeat the same labour without fatigue, and review the same ideas without satiety: but the volatility of genius affects to pass over every thing disgustful, and voluntarily neglects those subjects which it cannot see through at a glance.

The fable of the tortoise and the hare is too obviously applicable to the present subject to admit quotation, could genius check that precipitation which precludes accurate inquiry, and perfect views; it might surely be capable of enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge, and of deriving to itself all the light of which the mind is susceptible; since it is a known truth, that hardly any difficulty is insurmountable, even to industrious stupidity.

Patients, when at school, was not remarkable for the brightness of his parts, or the sensibility of his temper.

The compositions which he was obliged to bring as exercises, were not lively, elegant, or florid, but then they were seldom deficient in orthography or grammar. He disliked not the labour of seeking the words, he was unacquainted with, in his lexicon; and though he did not comprehend the full meaning and spirit of the author he read, he could tell the English of every word in his lesson, and trace it through all its grammatical variations. In short, he underwent every kind of literary labour, without weariness or discontent. After all the necessary forms of education, he at length entered into the profession of the law.

Velox, one of the contemporaries of Patiens, was fond of learning, and desirous of excelling in it; but he was of a quick apprehension, he was capable of construing a passage at one view, which would cost Patiens an hour's application. He, therefore, never read his lesson over twice, but diverted his fancy with the perusal of light modern publications, several volumes of which he would devour in a day.

Great hopes were entertained of the future eminence of so lively a genius. He went to the university, flattered by his friends, and elate with confidence in his own powers, but it soon appeared, that he who submitted to so little labour, while under authority, entirely relinquished study, when at his own disposal.

Plato, Aristotle, and Epictetus, remained untouched on the shelves; but the works of Fielding, Richardson, Smollet, together with those of every modern dramatic writer, were constantly on his table. If at any time he deigned to cast an eye over Coke upon Littleton, it was with the same levity and precipitation with which he read a monthly magazine. When at last he was called to the bar, and the time was come when he was to make his way to eminence by dint of merit, he found himself as much a stranger to the laws of England as an inhabitant of Otahetie. Chagrined by disappointment, and weary of learning, which he had never rationally pursued, he gave up all thoughts of rising in the world, and retired to a small estate in the country, where he lived and died an honest sportsman. Patiens, in the meantime, though he did not reach the top of his profession, yet, from his known integrity and abilities as a counsellor, he was always supplied with a number of briefs, by which he acquired an affluent fortune, and lived universally respected as a man of untainted honour, strong sense, and profound learning.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM DR. FRANKLIN.

[The following is an original. It will excite, it is presumed, no ordinary degree of attention. It will be read by some with eagerness, because it is from the pen of Dr. *Franklin;* and, in the opinion of his disciples, it is no superstition to venerate every thing from him, as a precious relick. It will be read by others, as a curious specimen of the doctor's *liberality* of sentiment on religious subjects. Many will be captivated and deceived by the blandishments of a plausible and affected benevolence; and *the few* will discern, at once, the germ of deism, the embryon of rancour against church establishments, the feverish symptoms of a male-content; and those daring doctrines, 'at which both the priest and philosopher may tremble.']

Philadelphia, June 6, 1753.

SIR,

I received your kind letter of the 2nd instant, and am glad that you increase in strength; I hope you will continue mending till you recover your former health and firmness. Let me know whether you still use the cold bath, and what effect it has.

As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more service to you. But if it had, the only thanks I should desire is, that you would always be equally ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance, and so let good offices go round, for mankind are all of a family.

For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favours, but as paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men to whom I shall never have any opportunity of making the least direct return. And numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. The kindnesses from men I can, therefore, only return on their fellow-men, and I can only shew my gratitude for those mercies from God, by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our creator. You will see in this my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting, as you suppose, to merit heaven by them. By Heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree, and eternal in duration: I can do nothing to deserve such rewards. He that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands compared with those who think they deserve Heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit; now much more such happiness of heaven. For my part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, nor the ambition to desire it; but content myself in submitting to the will and disposal of that God who made me, who has hitherto pre-

served and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide, that he will never make me miserable, and that even the afflictions I may at any time suffer shall tend to my benefit.

The faith you mention has, doubtless, its use in the world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I endeavour to lessen it in any man. But I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it: I mean real good works—works of kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit; not holiday keeping, sermon reading or hearing, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the deity. The worship of God is a duty, the hearing and reading of sermons may be useful, but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit. Your great master thought much less of these outward appearances and professions than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the doers of the word to the mere hearers, the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commands, to him that professed his readiness, but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan, to the uncharitable though orthodox priest and sanctified Levite: and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick, though they never heard of his name, he declares they shall in the last day be accepted, when those who cry Lord, Lord, who value themselves on their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; which implied his modest opinion that there were some in his time so good, that they needed not to hear him even for improvement; but now a days we have scarce a little parson that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to set under his petty administration; and that whoever omits them, offends God. I wish to such more humility, and to you health and happiness, being

Your friend and servant,
(Signed)
B. Franklin.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

[Continued.]

The Balade of Charitie is an imitation of the most beautiful and affecting of our Saviour's parables, the good Samaritan. The poetical descriptions are truly picturesque. We feel the horror of the dark cold night; we see the big drops fall, and the full flocks driving o'er the plain; the welkin opens, and the yellow lightning flies; the thunder's rattling sound moves slowly on, and, swelling, bursts into a violent crash, shakes the high spire, &c. The note which accompanied this pastoral to the publisher of the 'Town and Country Magazine,' is dated Bristol, July 4. 1770, only a month before his death. 'If the glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible, the sentiment, description, and versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.' In addition to the internal proofs that it was a composition of the day, the following stanza, in which he alludes to his own deserted situation, carries melancholy conviction to the mind that it was the composition of Chatterton.

Look in his glommed face, his sprighte there scanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how, withered, forwynd, dead!
Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed manne!
Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
Is charitie and love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The smaller pieces are not without merit. There is much elegant satire in the two Epistles to Canynge prefixed to Ælla; and some strokes of pleasantry in the Storie of Canynge.

The poems contained in the Miscellanies and Supplement, acknowledged by Chatterton to be his own composition, have been thought inferior to those which he produced as written by Rowley. If there is any inequality, at least the same hand appears in both. Imagination in a young mind is not always just. Rowley has his faults as well as Chatterton; but both collections contain an imagery of the same sort. If some of Chatterton's avowed pieces are scarcely to be inspected with all the severity of criticism, it should be remembered, that the poems attributed to Rowley are by no means uniformly excellent. It should also be remembered, that Chatterton lavished all his power on the counterfeit Rowley, with whom he intended to astonish or deceive the world; that the pieces he produced as written by him, were composed with one uniform object in view, and in a state of leisure and repose. 'In his own character,' says Mr. Croft, 'he painted for booksellers and bread, in Rowley's for fame and eternity.' Considerable allowance ought to be made for the exercises of his infantine years; for the incorrect effusions of momentary resentment; for a few lines thrown together in a playful mood to please an illiterate female, or to amuse a schoolfellow, and perhaps not less for the hasty and involuntary productions of indigence and necessity, constructed for a magazine, and calculated for the sole purpose of procuring a subsistence.

His Miscellanies contain the same even and flowing versification as the others, the same strokes of uncommon spirit and imagination, and, in general, display the same premature abilities. 'Nothing in Chatterton,' says Lord Orford, 'can be separated from Chatterton. His noblest flights, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most common-place imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescences of the same ungovernable impulse, which, cameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollett, or Junius; and if it failed most in what it affected most, to be a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed.'

In the Elegy on Thomas Philips, of Fairford, probably his old master, there are some descriptive stanzas not unworthy of the author of Ælla, and the incomparable chorus of Goddwyn.

Pale rugged winter bending o'er his tread
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light, congeal'd and dead;
His robe, a tinge of bright etherial blue:

His train, a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary moor;
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctur'd vest,
Was ever changing to a different hue:
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew, &c.

That he was capable of writing on a religious subject, with great appearance of devotion, is evident from his Ode on Resignation, first published in 'Love and Madness,' in which we scarcely know, whether most to admire the piety of the sentiments, or the beauty of the poetry. The last stanza is eminently beautiful.

His African Eclogues, though unconnected and unequal, contain some excellent lines; the following occur almost at the beginning of the first, and are animated, expressive, and harmonius:

High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung.
Loud on the the concave shell the lances rung;
In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
The youths of Banny's burning sands advance;
Whilst the soft virgin panting looks behind,
And rides upon the pinions of the wind.

The simile in the second eclogue, beginning, So, when arriv'd at Gaigra's highest steep, &c. is not perfectly correct; but the liveliness of the description evinces a most vigorous imagination.

Of the poem On Happiness, inserted in 'Love and Madness,' Mr. Croft tells us, 'that Catcott, talking one day with Chatterton about happiness, Chatterton said, he had never yet thought on the subject; but that he would. The next day he brought Catcott these lines, and told him they contained his creed of happiness.' The poem, consisting of upwards of a hundred lines, is undoubtedly irreligious; but it bears the strongest marks of genius, sagacity, and acuteness, and convinces us of the great extent and variety of his abilities.

The poem, called Apostate Will, written when he was eleven years and almost five months old, appears to have been aimed at somebody who had formerly been a Methodist, and was lately promoted in the Established Church. It shows the early turn and bent of his genius to satire, which was his fort, if any thing can be called his fort who excelled in every thing he undertook; and that he was then no stranger to the works of Bingham, Young, and Stillingfleet, which were probably among the books of divinity, mentioned in his sister's letter.

The Consuliad, a political piece, written at Bristol, and in the highest strain of party scurrility, has some strokes of satire in a superior style. The introductory lines are animated and poetical. The Prophecy, written apparently a short time after, is in the best style of Swift, and appears to be the genuine effusion of that enthusiastic love of liberty, which generally takes possession of young and sanguine dispositions.

The satire of Chatterton has the poignancy and sometimes the coarseness of Churchill. Dryden and Pope seem to have been his models for versification; but he has more of the luxuriance, flueucy, and negligence of Dryden, than of the terseness and refinement of Pope.

In his Saxon Poems, written in the style of Ossian, he has not improved upon an indifferent model. They are full of wild imagery and inconsistent metaphor, with little either of plot or of character to recommend them.

Of the prose compositions of Chatterton, the Adventures of a Star, the Memoirs of a Sad Dog, the Hunter of Oddities, Tony Selwood's Letter, &c. display considerable knowledge of what is called the town, and demonstrate the keenness of his observation, and his quickness in acquiring any branch of knowledge, or in adapting himself to any situation. A considerable fund of reading in Magazines, Review, &c. which Mr. Warton observes, 'form the school of the people,' had prepared him well to exercise the profession of a periodical writer.

Antiquities, however, constituted his favourite study, and in them his genius always appears to the greatest advantage; even the most humorous of his pieces, Tony Selwood's Letters, derives its principal excellence from his knowledge of ancient customs. In the Christmas Games, which are acknowledged to be his own, and in his Essay on Sculpture, there is much of that peculiar

learning in British antiquities, which was necessary to lay the foundation of Rowley's poems. His Will, written before he left Bristol, throws much light on his real character, his acquaintance with old English writers, and his capability of understanding and imitating old French and Latin inscription, not indeed gramatically, but sufficient to answer the purposes to which he often applied this knowledge. From this writing, it appears, that he would not allow David to have been a holy man, from the strains of piety and devotion in his Psalms, because a great genius can affect any thing, that is, assume any character and mode of writing he pleases. This is an answer from Chatterton himself, to one argument, and a very powerful one, in support of the authenticity of Rowley's poems. The pieces signed Asophides, do not appear to be Chatterton's. He almost always signed himself D. B. the initials of his first Latin signature, Dunhelmus Bristolinsis. The story of Maria Friendless, which Chatterton himself sent to the 'Town and Country Magazine,' probably for the sake of obtaining an immediate and necessary supply of money, is almost a literal transcript of the Letter of Misella in the 'Rambler.'

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Swinburne in his amusing, and instructive Travels through Spain, has related an anecdote, which contains a good example of Spanish shrewdness. 'We were dining, during the noon tide hour, under a large tree before the door of one of the *Siete molinos* by the side of a brook. The miller and his neighbours, were very civil, and furnished us with every thing necessary for our repast, one of the most delicious I ever made. The old and young formed a circle round us, while we devoured our cold ham and turkey. As I perceived one of the young fellows smile and look very arch, I told him I hoped he was not scandalized at our eating meats in Lent, as we were allowed that liberty, as travellers. No, no, replied he, not I indeed; for I know you belong to a happy set of people with—whom to day is always the *holiday*, and to morrow the *vigil and fast*.

—

The British Critics thus review a catchpenny pamphlet, and employ a style of contempt, which would be very useful in this country, and check perhaps an inundation of nonsense.

A new code for gentlemen, in which are considered, God and Man's natural rights and social duties, will, law, opinion, religion and reason, adversity prosperity; on duelling, *marriage and concubinage; gaming and intoxication Politics and eternity; by Dr. Bemetzreider.* 8*vo.* 1*s.*

All these important subjects are discussed in the space of twenty three pages, and all too for the small price of a Shilling. The author, it seems, has heretofore been a musician; but that failing, he has taken up the trade of an author. We fear he will find the latter quite as poor a business as the former; and we earnestly recommend the said *Dr. Bemetzreider* to look out for some other employment.

—

The most striking feature of the face, and that to which we most frequently direct our view, is *the eye*. This is the chief seat of expression. At this *window*, the soul is often seen in her genuine character, even when the Porter below, the tongue, is endeavouring to persuade us that she is not within, that is, otherwise employed, or that she is quite a different person. Smiles and sadness display themselves partly at the mouth; the former by raising, the latter by depressing the corners of it; and yet we might in many cases mistake a laughing, for a weeping countenance, if we did not see the eye. Indeed this little organ whether sparkling with joy or melting in sorrow; whether gleaming with indignation, or languishing in tenderness, whether glowing with the steady light of deliberate valour, or sending forth emanations of good will and gratitude is one of the most interesting objects in the whole visible universe. There is more in it, than shape, motion, or colour; there is thought and passion, there is life and soul; there is reason and speech.

—

King William III, says, Lord Orford, had so little regard for men of letters and wit, that when St. Evremond was introduced to him, the King said coldly 'I think *you were a major General in the French service!*'

—

In 'good King Charles's, jovial days,' when the most extravagant wit had like the 'loyalty' of the time 'no harm in't,' it is recorded that when a gentleman drank a lady's health as a toast, by way of doing her still more honour, he frequently threw some part of his dress into the flames. In this proof of veneration to the ladies, his companions were obliged to follow him, by consuming the same article, whatever it might be. One of the friends of Sir Charles Sedley after dinner at a tavern, perceiving he had a very rich lace cravat on, when he named the lady to whom honour was due, made a sacrifice of his cravat, and Sir Charles and the rest of the company were all obliged to follow his example. Sir Charles bore his loss with great composure observing, that it was a good joke, but that *he* would have as good a frolic some other time. On a subsequent day, the same party being assembled, when Sedley had drank a bumper to the health of some beauty of the day, he called the waiter, and ordering a *tooth drawer* into the room, whom he had previously stationed for the purpose, made him draw a decayed tooth, which had long plagued him. The rules of good fellowship clearly required that every one of the company should lose a tooth also; but they hoped he would not be so unmerciful as rigidly to enforce the law. All their remonstrances, however, were vain, and each of his companions sussessively, *multa gemens*, was obliged to put himself into the hands of the operator.

—

The useful reading of the Editor of the Walpole paper has furnished him with the following sensible extract, which we will insert together with his sensible commentary 'In the life of Akenside, Johnson has given a faithful and correct delineation of a modern democrat.—'He certainly retained an unnecessary and outrageous zeal for what he called, and thought *Liberty;* a zeal, which sometimes disguises from the world, and not rarely from the mind, which it possesses, an envious desire of plundering wealth or degrading greatness; and of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, an impetuous eagerness to subvert and confound with very little care what should be established! —a more perfect portrait of a Jacobin disorganizer of the present day, can not possibly be drawn than is contained in the above sketch of the character of Akenside.

—

The celebrated Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, calls the period from the last years of Elizabeth to the death of James, 'the best age of English literature.'—"I know (says he) it is now an inveterate custom to sneer at the name of James; and that every witling thinks himself competent to scoff at his witches, his tobacco blasts, and his dog *Stenie:* But the age I have mentioned produces something better than all these; and among the rest, great masters of a style, pure, copious, elegant, nervous, flowing, light, airy, and harmonious.'

—

DOMESTIC DAY OF DRYDEN.

The accurate and laborious Edmund Malone, Esq. in a elaborate life of a great poet, prefixed to a late invaluable edition of his prose writings, after informing us, that even the *domestic* day of such a man cannot be uninteresting, adds, Dryden usually devoted his mornings to the composition of his various works. The hour of dinner, even in the latest period of his time, did not exceed two o'clock, and plays began at four in the afternoon. Between three and four o'clock, he repaired to the coffee-house, and there a great part of the evening was spent. Addison, says Pope, passed each day alike, and much in the same manner, as Dryden did. Dryden employed his mornings in writing; dined *en famille*, and then went to Will's; only he *came home earlier o'nights*.' In Addison's time, it was customary, at about seven or eight o'clock, to retire from the coffee-house to the tavern, where wine and frequently pipes and tobacco, were immediately called for; and in an hour or two afterwards they supped, and then again circulated the bottle.

—

DOMESTIC DAY OF ADDISON.

Addison, as Pope related to Mr. Spence, studied all the morning, then met his party at Button's Coffee-house, dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and *sometimes far into the night*. I was, says Pope, 'of the company for about a year, but I found it too much for me. It hurt my health and so I quitted it. Addison's chief companions before he married Lady Warwick, were Steele, Budgell, Carew, D'Avenant, and Colonel Brett. He used to breakfast with one or other of them at his lodgings in St. James' place, dine at taverns with them, then to Button's, and then to some tavern again for supper in the evening; and this was the usual round of his life.

—

A man convicted at the last Surry Assizes, for stealing pewter pots, was sentenced to be publicly whipped from the prison gate Horsemonger-lane, through the Borough, and back again. Having no money to fee the hangman, to soften the lash of justice, he at last hit upon an expedient. In the prison there were several half quartern gin measures, the tops of which he broke off, and deposited in a leather pocket he had previously cut from his breeches, tied it up, and when the executioner came to conduct him to receive his punishment, the culprit, in his way to the cart's tail, slipped the pretended purse into his hand, exclaiming—'there are nine half crowns, 'tis all I have in the world pray be merciful.' The hangman took the bribe with a smile, and bade him keep up his spirits for he should not be hurt. The cart then proceeded, and the consequence was, that the *deep one* returned very little the worse for the flagellation. Upon being delivered into the hands of the prison-keeper, he burst into a loud laugh, and when asked what made him so merry? he related the manner in which he had bribed his chastiser, adding, that it would ever be a subject of mirth, when he reflected how he had outwitted the hangman.

[*London paper.*

—

It seems to be proved, by the engravings which the french have lately published from the ruins of Egyptian Thebes, that the elements of the beau-

tiful in Grecian architecture are not so entirely the invention of the Greeks as has been hitherto imagined. The temples of Thebes present bases, shafts and capitals, which the Greeks appear to have only initated and improved in the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian column. The Egyptians, not the Greeks, were the inventors.

—

AN ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH ACHE,

(*From vol. 4 of Burn's Poems.*)

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang.
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengence;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like recking engines.
When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbour's smypathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell of all diseases.
Ay mocks our groan!
Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.
Of a' the monstrous human dools,
Ill hearts, daft bargains, cutty stools
Or worthy friends rak'd in the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o'knaves, or fash o'fools,
Thou bear'st the gree
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence all the tones of misery yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell'
In dreadful raw
Thou, Tooth Ache, surely bearst the bell,
Amang them a'!
O, thou grim, mischief making chiel,
That jars the notes of *discord* squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance and reel
In gore a shoe thick;—
Gie a' the faes of Scotland's weal
A towmond's tooth ache.

—

Some jocular sportsman, in a Charleston, S. C. paper, thus challenges the jockies of the turf. 'Dumbe, an aged horse, will run against any horse *mayor* or gelding, in the state, up hill, for fifty guineas, provided it be allowed that Dumbe have a hickory after him.'—If the same indulgence be likewise exerted towards the *mayor*, and the sportsman's horse should have other failings besides being *Dumbe*, we think the challenger will lose his bet.

—

A modest Poet who has lately advertised a rhyming pamphlet on some of the political topics of the day, humbly hopes that 'no *good patriot* will refuse *nine pence* for his poem. We think the bard a little too sanguine in his expectations of the patronage of *Patriotism*. Many a *good patriot* is not worth nine pence, either morally, or arithmetically considered.

—

A Mr. Edwards, a respectable Dyer, of Sherrard-street, Golden-square, was interred on Tuesday se'n night at Lambeth Church. By his will he directed that his funeral prosession should stop at the Magpyes, in Bridge-street, Westminster, and the mourners be regaled with a *gallon of porter*, which they were to drink at the door of the house; they were then to proceed on a *long trot* along the bridge to Jolly Sawyers, in Lambeth Walk, there to have another gallon of beer; from thence to the grave, where, after his interment, *a pint of gin* was to be drank by them over his grave, *wishing him a pleasant journey*. The request was literally complied with.

— [*Lon. paper.*

About a fortnight ago, two persons in the neighbourhood of Ulndale, near Cockermouth, for a wager of half a crown (with a set of their acquaintances) swallowed (and by fair mastication) *thirty six salt herrings*, and drank *three pecks of ale* (Winchester measure) within the space of an hour! N. B. The cook, being a humourist, fried the last moiety of the herrings in *half a pound of candles!*

— [*ibid.*

LITERARY.

It has long been lamented by the literary world, that the celebrated author of *Clarissa* and *Grandison* had forbidden his Correspondence to be published in the lifetime of his children, unless they should be obliged to resort to them as a course of fortune. The recent death of Mrs. Anne Richardson, of Suffolk, having removed the force of that injunction, those interesting remains are now about to meet the public eye, though the medium of Mr. Phillips' who, we understand, has given Mr. Richardson's descendants *twelve hundred guineas* for the manuscripts.

[*Lon. paper.*

—

The ridiculous affectation of *refined* humanity, and the monotonous drawl of Charlotte Smith's and *Robin* Southey's sonnets are justly laughed at in the following sarcasm.

Poor grunting animal, that all the day,
Plods dull and mopish round my uncles yard
Ah me, it strike's me that thy lot is hard,
For thou dost droop thy eare, thy hairs are grey.
Thy humid eyes look wet—Ah wretch ill starr'd
What sorrowing sadness seems to mark thy way
While every pleasure is from thee debarr'd
Nor frolic rapture bids thy heart be gay.
Poor grunting Swine, full much I grieve to view
Thy groping snout, enslav'd with iron cold,
For thou must feel, and feel with sorrow to
What yet thy peaceful tongue has never told.

Adiau, poor Pork, again I sigh, adieu,
My teare fast fall—they fall, alas, for you.

—

Waller has written four lines in praise of Tea, which it is strange Dr. Johnson, the greatest tea tipler of his time did not extol.

The muses friend, tea does our Fancy aid
Repress those vapours, which the head invade
And keeps that Palace of the Soul serene
Fit, on her birth day to salute a Queen.

—

A Painter beeing employed to represent the Cherubim and Seraphim in a country Church, made them with very long melancholy faces, and being asked the reason for so doing by the rector of the parish, answered. 'I have your own words for the propriety of it, have I not heard you say, a thousand times that Cherubim and Seraphim continually do *cry*.

—

Mr. Malone, in summing up the praises of Sir Joshua Reynolds, has the following memorable passage. "He has one claim to commendation which I think it my duty *particularly* to mention, I mean the praise to which he is entitled for the Rectitude of his Judgment, concerning the *pernicious doctrines*, that were made the basis of that *Revolutiou*, which took place in Francc not long before his death. Before the publication of Mr. Burke's Reflections on that subject, he had been favoured with a perusal of that excellent work, and was lavish of his encomiums upon it. He was, indeed, never weary of expressing his admiration of the profound sagacity, which saw in their embryo state all the evils with which this country was threatened by that tremendous convulsion, he well knew how eagerly all the *wild* and *erroneous* principles of government attempted to be established by the *pretended* philosophers of France, would be cherished and enforced by those *turbulent* and *unruly* spirits among us, whom "*no king could govern and no God could please*," and long before that work was written, frequently avowed his contempt for those "Adam wits," who set at nought the accumulated wisdom of ages, and on all occasions are desirous of beginning the world a-new. He did not live to see the accomplishment of almost every one of the predictions of the prophetic and philosophical work alluded to. Happily for himself, he did not live to participate of the gloom, which has saddened every virtuous bosom, in consequence of all the civilized states of Europe being shaken to their foundations, by those 'troublers of the poor world's peace,' whom Divine Providence has been pleased to make the scourge of human kind.

—

The reason why the name of God is not mentioned in oaths, administered according to the republican fashion, is extremely obvious. It would imply, that government had taken a particular private opinion under its protection, and preferred it to all others, which is inconsistent with the republican principle of the indifference of all opinions. Besides, it would wound the *tender consciences* of those who chuse to believe, that there are twenty Gods, or no God at all.

—

The manager of a company of strolling players was once severely reprehending one of his performers for stupifying himself by drinking quart after quert of porter, and threatened, if he did not break himself of the habit, to discharge him, as an unfit person. The man promised he would not be guilty of the like again. However the manager walking out one morning, found his penitent at a little public house, sitting over a glass of ale. 'So, Sir,' lays he, 'I thought you promised me to leave this habit of intoxication.' 'Indeed,' replies the man, 'so I have in a *great measure*.'

—

One of the ancients, and certainly not the greatest fool of his tribe, used, whenever he was deliberating on any grave or state affairs, to consult his wife, hear her advice, and then made it an invariable rule to act diametrically opposite to the opinion of the *lady*. This procedure suggests a good rule for construing the 'Aurora.' Let the good people, who pore, or who yawn over that paper, whenever they have finished their valuable *morning's* work, believe the very *reverse* of every Aurora position. There cannot be imagined a shorter, or more direct road to political truth.

—

A young sophimore, more notorious for his amours than his attention to the muses, courted a fair dame by the name of Sally Love. As soon as this came to his provident guardian's ears, he wrote him an affectionate letter advising him to quit her as soon as he could with honour, and then court an alliance with Sal-lust.

—

DOMESTIC DAY OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The detail of his domestic day, says EDMOND MALONE, will not be unacceptable. He usually rose about 8 o'clock, breakfasted at 9, and was in his painting room before 10. Here he generally employed an hour on study, or on the subordinate parts of whatever portrait happened to be in hand; and from 11, the following five hours were devoted to those, who sat for their pictures: with occasionally short intervals, during which he sometimes admitted the visits of a friend. Such was his love of his art, and such his ardor to excel, that he often declared he had, during the greater part of his life, laboured as hard with the pencil, as any mechanic working at his trade for bread. About two days in each

week during the winter, he dined abroad; once, and sometimes oftener, he had company at home by invitation; and during the remainder of the week he dined with his family, frequently with the addition of two or three friends. In the evenings, when not engaged by the academy, or in some public or private assembly, or at the theatre, he was fond of collecting a few friends at home, and joining in a party at whist, which was his favourite game. The marked characters of his table was that though there was always an abundant supply of those elegancies, which the season afforded, the variety of the courses, the excellence of the dishes, or the flavour of the Burgundy, made the least part of the conversation; though the appetite was gratified by the usual delicacies, and the glass imperceptibly and without solicitation, was cheerfully circulated, every thing of this kind appeared secondary and subordinate, and there seemed to be a general though tacit agreement among the guests, that MIND SHOULD PREDOMINATE OVER BODY; that the honours of the turtle and the haunch, should give place to the feast of wit, and that, for a redundant flow of wine, the flow of soul should be substituted.—Of a table, thus constituted, with such a host and such guests, who would not wish to participate?

ON VISITING DUNDRENNAN ABBEY,*

INSCRIBED TO MISS A. S.

BEGUILING the sorrows of life's chequer'd day,
With toil-beaten footsteps and slow,
O'er the cloud-covered mountains of Scotia I stray,
And mark the sweet scenes as I go.
Enraptur'd, I muse o'er the time-mouldering towers,
Where Valour heroic with beauty was fir'd,
Where music to charm them exhausted her powers,
And the Bard's storied song wing'd with pleasure the hours,
While Nature his numbers inspir'd.
Dundrennan! thy moss-crusted ruins I hail,
And with reverence enter thy door!—
No longer thy monks with night-vigils are pale,
Instructed in mystical lore.
No longer the song of devotion ascends,
Nor the sigh of repentance is heard thro' the gloom;
Nor the way-weary pilgrim at evening bends,
To give thanks to the Hearer of pray'r who defends
From storms him who has not a home!
Oft have I revolv'd on the days that are gone,
And Time's mouldy records survey'd,
When dread Superstition ascended the throne,
And prostrate the nations obey'd!
In deep leaden slumbers was seal'd Learning's eye;
By Ignorace, Science in fetters was bound;
Truth languished; and Genius beheld with a sigh
Her wild flowers expos'd to a cold wintry sky,
Which scatter'd their leaves on the ground!
Yet in midst of the gloom darts a transient ray,
When pity afforded relief;
And wip'd the sad tear of misfortune away,
And sooth'd the pale victim of grief.
These rude-sculptur'd walls once received with a tear
Their Queen, lovely Mary, who fled from the foe
With a heart torn with anguish, an eye wild with fear,
And death close behind her!—a prospect how dread!
To finish her measure of woe!
"Unfortunate Mary! why wilt thou depart?
Why, why to Elisabeth fly?—
Compassion's warm glow never melted her heart,
Nor the sweet tear of pity her eye!
Her cold frozen bosom's the thorne of deceit;
She proffers protection in hopes to betray!
For thee all the woes of confinement await,
And from the damp dungeon thou'rt led to thy fate
From which thou wouldst hurry away!"
Now Time's iron hand has demolish'd these walls,
In story so often renown'd;
'Mongst the night-weeds the turreted battlement falls
And Ruin stalks grimly around!—
Here, the ill-boding owl her lone dwelling maintains,
And with her hoarse notes teaches Nature to sigh,
And fills with affright wakeful Silence, who reigns
When night's sable mantle envelopes the plains,
And the star twinkles dim in the sky!
To these scenes, Meditation my wand'ring guide,
Where the daughters of Beauty are laid;
And the brave sons of Freedom, who conquer'd or died,
When the foe dar'd their country invade!—
There Nature proclaims, neither Beauty's bright eye
Nor Valour from death's cruel empire can save!
And the moment is swiftly approaching, when I,
Who now o'er the ruins of Time heave the sigh,
Forgotten shall sleep in the grave!

Inverleithen. J. N.

* It was in this abbey that Mary Queen of Scotland first halted, when flying from the unfortunate battle of Langside.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The subsequent poem, ascribed to Thomas Moore, Esq. is not in any collection of his published works. It is thus introduced by an English friend, and the Editor is highly pleased to present to his readers a beautiful and *new* acquaintance.

The invisible girl is an acoustical deception. From a glass globe, suspended in the midst of a room, and having no apparent communication with any thing else, a female conversed with the spectators in four different languages, and played upon the piano forte: her breath might even be felt. Had the ensuing lines no external sign, by which to discover their author, the internal evidence would justify their being ascribed to the elegant translator of Anacreon.]

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

They try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you are not a daughter of Ether and Light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms,
Who dance upon rainbows, and ride upon storms;
That, in short, you're a WOMAN, your lip and your breast
As mortal as ever were tasted, or prest!
But I will not believe it....no, science, to you
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu;
Still flying from nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior for mortals below
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
Oh! who, that has ever had rapture complete,
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
How rays are confin'd, or how particles fly
Thro' the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh.
Is there one, who but *once* would not rather have known it,
Than written with Hervey whole volumes upon it?
No, no....but for you, my invisible love,
I will swear you are one of those spirits that rove
By the bank, where at twilight the poet reclines,
When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
And the magical fingers of Fancy have hung
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue:
Oh! whisper him then 'tis retirement alone
Can hallow his harp, or ennoble its tone;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
And, like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears.
Sweet agent of mystery! how I should love
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
Forever to have you invisibly nigh,
Inhaling forever your song and your sigh.
'Mid the crowds of the world, and the murmurs of Care,
I could sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
And turn with delight from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you!
O come and be near me; forever be mine;
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
As pure, as of old, was imagin'd to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell!
And oft at those lingering moments of night,
When the heart is weigh'd down and the eyelids are light
You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
Such as angel to angel might whisper above!
Oh spirit!....and then could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
The voice of the ONE upon earth, who has twin'd
With her essence forever my heart and my mind;
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
An exile, and weary, and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment her voice on my ear,
I will think at that moment my Cara is near;
That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
And kisses my eye-lid and sighs on my cheek;
And tells me the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope of our heaven is nigh!
Sweet spirit, if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour.
And let Fortune's realities frown as they will,
Hope, Fancy, and Care may smile for me still!

This delicious poem, of which Goldsmith or Sheridan might have been proud, has an additional interest here from this circumstance that the *invisible lady* is now *uttering dulcet breath* to the enraptured listeners of Philadelphia. We believe, however, that this is an old device, perhaps, with some new embellishment. In the sixty-second chapter of the second part of Don Quixote, which describes *La aventura de la cabeça encantada*, there is played off, in the house of Don Antonio Moreno, a similar deception, which cajoles the Don, and almost staggers the Squire. "En esto, tomandôle la mano Don Antonio se la passeô por la cabeça de bronce, y por toda la mesa, y por el pie de jaspe, sobre que se sostenia, y luego dixo: Esta cabeça, senor Don Quixote, ha sido hecha, y fabricada por uno de los mayores encantadores, y hechizeros, que hatenido el mundo; que creo era Polaco de nacion, y discipulo del famosco Escotillo de quien tantas marivallas se cuentan, el qual estuvo aqui en mi casa y por precio de mil escudos, que le di, labro esta cabeça que tiene propriead y virtud de responder à quanta cosas al oydo le pregunteren: quardo rumbos, pinto caracteres, observo astros, miro punctos, finalmente la sacô con la perfeccion que veremos manana, porque los viernes esta muda y oy que los es nos ha de hazer esparer hasta manana: en este tiempo podrà vuessa Merced prevenerse de lo que querra preguntar, que por experiencia sè, que dize verdad en quanto responde. Admirado quedo Don Quixote de la virtud, y propriedad de la cabeça y es tuvo por no creer a Don Antonio pero por ver quan poco tiempo avia para hazer la experiencia, no quiso dizerle ostra cosa, sino que le agradecia el averce descubierto tan gran secreto."....See the whole narrative in the immortal work of Cervantes. It will be perceived in the sequel that this sagacious Head, like the Invisible Lady, makes correct responses, *apparently* without a prompter. The reader will smile at the easy explanation of this necromantic enigma. In the well prepared lessons of the concealed magician, he will perceive the history of juggling in every age, from the oracle at Delphi, to the conjurations of Crabtree in Peregrine Pickle. He will, moreover, enjoy the sly satire of the ironical Spaniard upon human credulity, and the exquisite sneer at the prudent caution, or habitual bigotry of the officers of the Holy Inquisition.

[*Note, by the Editor*,

Mr. OLIVER OLDSCHOOL,

SIR,

In the annexed, We have endeavoured to catch some of the style of Mr. M. G. Lewis, in his ballads. If you think the imitation worthy a place in your paper, please to insert it. "Affairs of this world," take up so much of our attention, that we have hardly time to steal from the "busy stage" long enough to fashion a sentence into rhyme. However, we do not intend becoming bankrupts in verse at present.

Your very humble servants,
DACTYL & COMMA.

Cambridge.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. DACTYL AND COMMA.

THE MANIAC.

SAY, who is the man, who on yon dizzy height,
Where rocks upon rocks stretch up from the sight;
As wander'ng there lately, I view'd,
His arms o'er his breast, in anguish he press'd
And to the pale moon, rolling o'er, he address'd,
His wild eyes, as all frantic he stood.

A skin o'er his shoulders, the maniac had drawn,
And he sought a cold cave at the sight of the dawn.
There alone all the long day to spend.
But when darkness had spread her black veil o'er his head,
Oh! then would he start and leave his rush bed,
His wild steps to the plain would he bend.

There 'mid the dank grass, which wav'd to the breeze,
Would he lay himself down beneath the lone trees,
And gaze on the stream which ran by.
Sometimes he would lave his cold hand in the wave,
Then start at the shriek, which the boding owl gave,
And answer each breeze with a sigh."

His name is mad Osric, when youth smil'd around,
In gaity none could his equal be found,
He welcom'd each morn with a song,
Where'er he appeared, joy and pleasure were heard,
His smiles, and his cheerfulness had him endeared,
To all the gay swains of the throng.

He saw the fair Elfa, the maid soon he lov'd,
She heard his fond vows, his passion approv'd,
And vow'd she would wed him alone:
The friends were invited; the feast was provided,
And at hand was the day which could have decided,
And made him and Elfa but one.

And now, as together they wandered along,
Heard the lark's jocund tune or the thrushes blythe song,
And gaily the circling hours flew.
Sudden dark gloomy clouds wrapp'd the skies in black shrouds,
And the roaring of thunder a tempest forbodes,
And rudely the whistling winds blew.

Now blacker and blacker, the clouds hover round,
And loud o'er their heads the rough thunders sound,
And the earth wide re-echoes their roar:
As the light'nings now play'd, a flash struck the maid,
The shaft wing'd by fate but too surely sped
And—repose Osric never knew more.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Though love is a Proteus who from time immemorial has possessed the power of assuming every possible shape, and although lovers and poets seem to have exhausted every resource of nature and art, to exhibit, and even to disguise him under a variety of forms; yet, I think you will acknowledge that in the following lines he has put on a dress entirely new. An amorous poem in the style and form of a Check upon the Bank, is, I confess, what I never before had had an idea of, until I lately found the following in a collection of Italian songs. It is probably the production of some Genoese or Venetian lover, who had more credit with the bank of Cupid than with that of St. Mark's, or St. George's. In this financial age, it will perhaps, be found to suit the meridian of other countries as well as that of Italy. I therefore take the liberty of sending it to you for publication, together with an attempt at an imitation, which I am sorry does not come up, as much as I could wish, to the spirit of the original.

MERCATOR.

ORIGINAL.

Banco delle mie pene
Pagate al caro bene
Mille sospiri ogn' or:
Dite che sono *in conto*
Di quello che ti deve
Il povero mio cor.

IMITATION.

Bank of my am'rous pain
Pay to my charming swain,
One hundred thousand kisses:
Which *to account you'll carry*
Against the time we marry
Value in future blisses.*

EULOGIUM ON RUM.

BY J. SMITH.

ARISE! ye pimpled, tipling race, arise!
From ev'ry town and village tavern come!
Shew your red noses, and o'erflowing eyes,
And help your poet chaunt the praise of Rum.
The cordial drop, the morning dram, I sing,
The mid-day toddy, and the evening sling.

Hail, mighty Rum! and by this general name
I call each species....whisky, gin, or brandy:
(The kind is various....but the effect the same;
And so I choose a name that's short and handy;
For, reader, know, it takes a deal of time,
To make a crooked word lie smooth in rhyme.)

Hail, mighty Rum! thy song-inspiring merit
Is known to many a bard in these our days:
Apollo's drink, they find is void of spirit....
Mere chicken broth....insipid as their lays:
And, pleas'd, they'd give a riv'let....aye a sea
Of tuneful water, for one quart of thee!

Hail, mighty Rum! how wond'rous is thy pow'r!
Unwarm'd by thee, how would our spirits fail,
When Dark December comes, with aspect sour,
And sharp as razor, blows the northern gale!
And yet thour't grateful in that sultry day,
When raging Sirius darts his fervent ray.

Hail, mighty Rum! to thee the wretched fly:
And find a sweet oblivion of their woes;
Lock'd in thy arms, as in the grave, they lie—
Forget their kindred—and forgive their foes.
And Lethe's stream, (so much extoll'd by some,
In ancient times) I shewdly guess, was Rum.

Hail, mighty Rum! what can thy power withstand!
E'en lordly Reason flies thy dreadful face:
And health, and joy, and all the lovely band
Of social virtues, shun thy dwelling place:
(For in whatever breast it rears its throne,
Like Turkish monarchs, Rum must rule alone.)

When our bold fathers cross'd the Atlantic waves,
And here arrived....a weak defenceless band....
Pray what became of all the tribes so brave....
The savage owners of this happy land?
Were they sent headlong to the realms below,
"By doom of battle?" friend, *I answer no.

Our fathers were too wise to think of war;
They knew the woodlands were not quickly past:
They might have met with many an ugly scar....
Lost many a foretop....and been beat at last.
But Rum assisted by his son, Disease,
Performed the business with surprising ease.

And would our western brethren be less proud, or,
In other words, throw by their gun and drum,
For ducks and squirrels, save their lead and powder,
And send the tawny rogues some pipes of rum....
I dare predict, they all would gladly suck it;
And ev'ry mother's son soon *kick the bucket.*

But lo! the ingratitude of Adam's race?
Tho' all these clever things to rum we owe....
Gallons of ink are squirted in his face;
And his bruis'd back is bang'd with many a blow;
Some hounds of note have rung his funeral knell,
And ev'ry puppy joins the gen'ral yell.

So have I seen (the simile is fine—
And wonderfully pat....though rather old)
When rising Phœbus shot his rays benign,
A flock of sheep come skipping from the fold;
Some restless sheep cries baa: and all the throng,
Ewes, rams, lambs, wethers, bellowing pour along.

But fear not, Rum, thro' fiercely they assail,
And none but I, the bard, thy cause defend,
Think not thy foes....tho' num'rous....shall prevail,
Thy pow'r diminish, or thy being end.
Tho' spurn'd from table, and the public eye,
In the snug closet safely shalt thou lie.

And oft, when Sol's proud chariot quits the sky,
And humbler Cynthia mounts her one horse chair,
To that snug closet shall thy vot'ry fly;
And, rapt in darkness, keep his orgies there;
Lift the full bottle, joyous, to his head,
Then, great as Cæsar, reel sublime to bed.

* It will be observed that the original is the Gentleman's check in favour of the Lady, and the imitation is the Lady's check, which she gives him in return.

* This alludes only to Jersey, Pennsylvania, &c.

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